



THE ACTORS

IN VARIOUS

Plautus, one of the most famous
Roman Comedians, was the first
who introduced the use of the
Mask in the Theatre. He was
born at Comina in Sicily, and
was brought to Rome as a Slave.
He was a very witty and
ingenious Man, and wrote
many Comedies, which were
very popular. He was also
a very good Actor, and was
much admired for his
performance. He was the first
who introduced the use of the
Mask in the Theatre, and was
the first who introduced the
use of the Mask in the Theatre.

Plautus, one of the most famous
Roman Comedians, was the first
who introduced the use of the
Mask in the Theatre. He was
born at Comina in Sicily, and
was brought to Rome as a Slave.
He was a very witty and
ingenious Man, and wrote
many Comedies, which were
very popular. He was also
a very good Actor, and was
much admired for his
performance. He was the first
who introduced the use of the
Mask in the Theatre, and was
the first who introduced the
use of the Mask in the Theatre.



THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners
ouer the Stage.*

Flavius.
Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,
what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me; yet
if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What meanst thou by that? Mend mee, thou
lawey Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I
meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens mat-
ters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes:
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-
per men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vp-
on my handy worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why dost thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my
selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-
day to see Cæsar, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?

What Conquest brings he home? and what

What Tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheeles?

You Blotches, you stones, you worse then senselesse things:

O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?

Haue you climbd vp to Walles and Battlements,

To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,

Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue late

The liue-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?

And do you now put on your best attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holy day?

And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer Pompeys blood?

Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;

Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame

Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mould'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:

Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,

If you doe finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images

Be hung with Cæsars Trophies: Ile about,

And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;

So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.

These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing,

Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soare about the view of men,

And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse.

Exeunt

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, De-

cimus, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: af-

ter them Murellus and Flavius.

Cas. Calphurnia,

Cask. Peace ho, Cæsar speakes.

Cas. Calphurnia,

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Cas. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,

When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.

Cas. Forget not in your speed Antonio,

To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say,

k k

The